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MARVEL COMICS
PRESENTS

30th APRIL 1980 12p EVERY THURSDAY



**100 DR WHO RECORDS
MUST BE WON!**
*COMPETITION
DETAILS
INSIDE!*



DR WHO

SOUND EFFECTS

BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH THE BBC
RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP

3 GREAT COMIC STRIPS

**FEATURING:
THE DOCTOR AND K-9**



**VERSUS THE DEADLY
DOGS OF DOOM**



DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

NUMBER 29

Editor: Paul Neary
 Associate Editor: Jenny O'Connor
 Art Editor: Graham De Lacy
 Features Editor: Alan McKenzie
 Production: John Kelly



Can't wait to tell you all the new, exciting adventures, features and competitions that await you this week!

Apart from a fantastic opportunity to find out the truth behind the strange, alien sounds of Dr Who, there's a chance to win one of 100 BBC Sound Effects records!

I've had an unusually hectic week one way or another. What with fighting those nasty chaps, the Werelok Dogs of Doom and visiting the strange desert planet, Dasar VII — it's been quite a carry on!

My little tin friend K-9, has been clearing out the attic and he tells me that he has discovered a casefull of old time tales. He's pestered me into letting you see the first one in next week's comic. I've promised K-9 he can open the mail next week, if he lets me win at Saturnian scrabble . . . just for once.

Happy times and places,

The Doctor

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DOCTOR WHO

AND THE DOGS OF DOOM

IN THE DISTANT NEW EARTH SYSTEM, THE ASTRO-FREIGHTER 'SPACE-HOG' IS UNDER ATTACK BY WERELOK SOLDIERS -



DOWN, BRILL! BE A GOOD DOG! MUSTN'T ATTACK THE DOCTOR!

YOU MAKE LAUGH AT BRILL! OTHERS LAUGH-- ALL DIE!

SCRIPT. MILLS & WAGNER ART. DAVE GIBBONS



BRILL'S CLAWS NO FUNNY!

AAAH!



BRILL KILL!

REGRET I CANNOT HELP YOU, MASTER.

NEVER MIND, K-9, I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!



DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S UNLUCKY TO ATTACK CRAZY PEOPLE? AND I'M CRAZY--

SEE -- I'VE LOST MY MARBLES!



HRRRAA!



LET'S GET YOU BACK ON YOUR TREADS, K-9!



THE CREATURE IS STUNNED, MASTER.

TWO OF THEM WENT DOWN TO THE ENGINE DECK! SHARON AND BABE ARE THERE! COME ON, K-9!

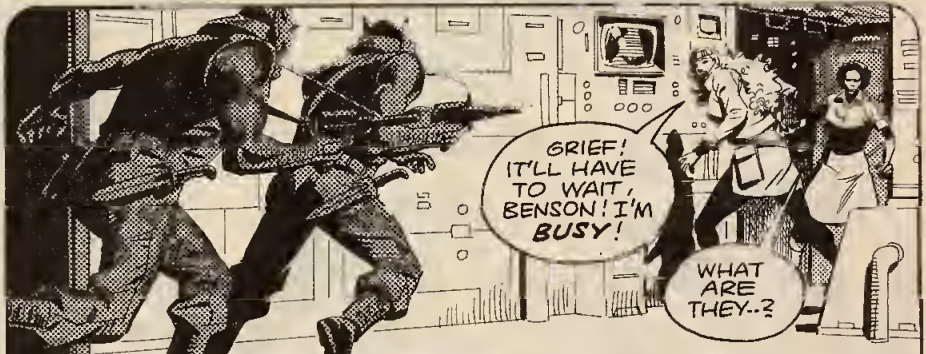


STAND BY, MRS ROTH. I HAVE A PERSON TO PERSON VIDEO FROM MR BENSON IN LUTINE BELL, NEW EARTH...

THE COMMUNICATIONS MUST BE BACK ON!



IT'S YOUNG FILBERT AGAIN, MRS ROTH! HE DEACTIVATED ME WHILE I WAS COOKING DINNER, THEN HE PAINTED MY HEAD-PARTS IN A MOST VILE AND DISGUSTING MANNER!



GRIEF! IT'LL HAVE TO WAIT, BENSON! I'M BUSY!

WHAT ARE THEY-?



I DUNNO, SHARON, BUT THEY'RE NOT FRIENDLY! DOWN!

THIS MATTER WON'T WAIT, MADAM! I MAY ONLY BE A SERVO-ROBOT, BUT I DO HAVE MY DIGNITY!



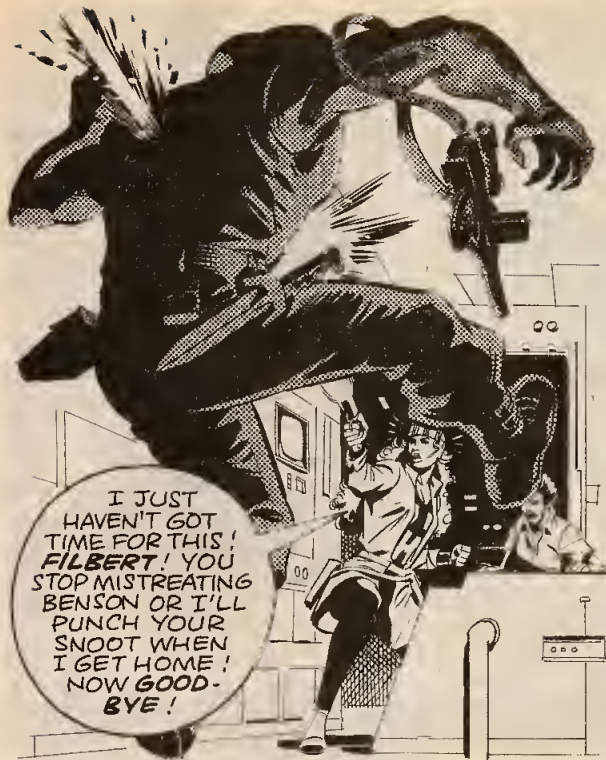
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO ABOUT IT?

YOU ARE THE BOY'S MOTHER, MADAM. YOU MUST SPEAK TO HIM. I HAVE HIM HERE--



HI, MA! I SHOWED STUFFY OLD BENSON, HUH! WHAT A LAUGH!

SEE WHAT I MEAN, MADAM!

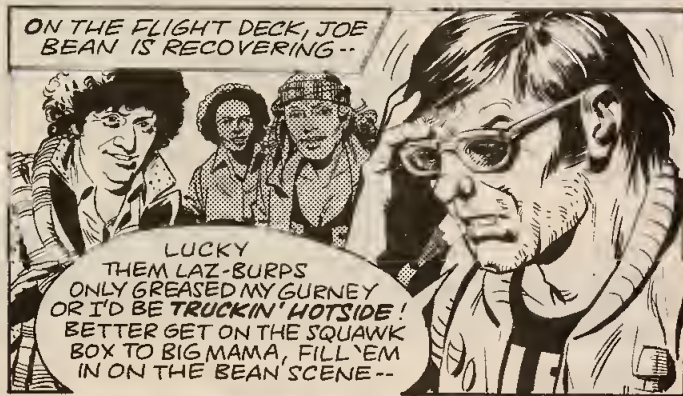


I JUST HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR THIS! **FILBERT!** YOU STOP MISTREATING BENSON OR I'LL PUNCH YOUR SNOOT WHEN I GET HOME! NOW GOOD-BYE!



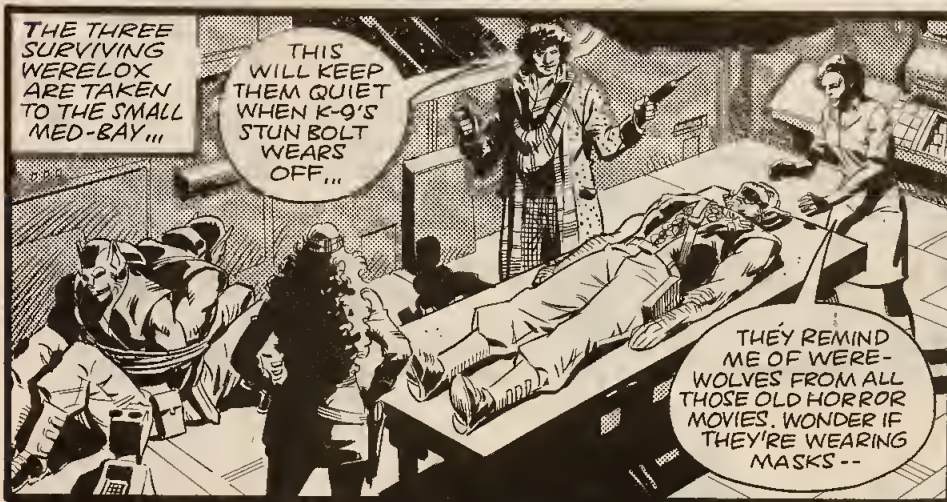
I SEE WE'RE NOT NEEDED HERE!

BABE FIXED THEM, DOCTOR! SHE'S A REAL SUPER-MUM!



ON THE FLIGHT DECK, JOE BEAN IS RECOVERING--

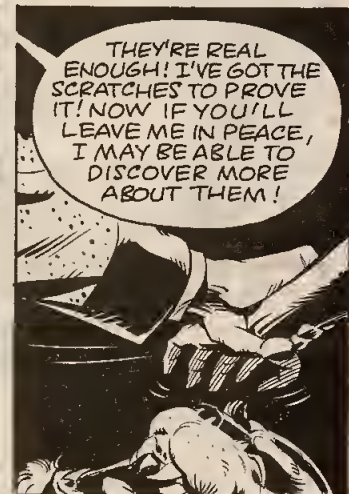
LUCKY THEM LAZ-BURPS ONLY GREASED MY GURNEY OR I'D BE TRUCKIN' HOTSIDE! BETTER GET ON THE SQUAWK BOX TO BIG MAMA, FILL 'EM IN ON THE BEAN SCENE--



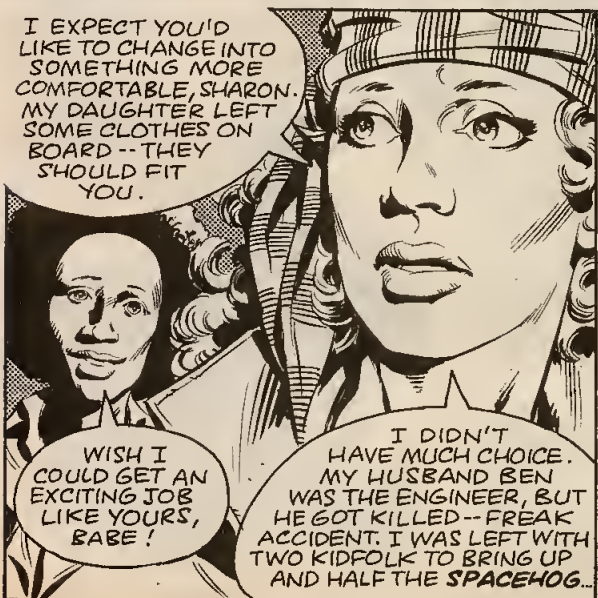
THE THREE SURVIVING WERELOX ARE TAKEN TO THE SMALL MED-BAY...

THIS WILL KEEP THEM QUIET WHEN K-9'S STUN BOLT WEARS OFF...

THEY REMIND ME OF WERE-WOLVES FROM ALL THOSE OLD HORROR MOVIES. WONDER IF THEY'RE WEARING MASKS--



THEY'RE REAL ENOUGH! I'VE GOT THE SCRATCHES TO PROVE IT! NOW IF YOU'LL LEAVE ME IN PEACE, I MAY BE ABLE TO DISCOVER MORE ABOUT THEM!



I EXPECT YOU'D LIKE TO CHANGE INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE, SHARON. MY DAUGHTER LEFT SOME CLOTHES ON BOARD--THEY SHOULD FIT YOU.

WISH I COULD GET AN EXCITING JOB LIKE YOURS, BABE!

I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE. MY HUSBAND BEN WAS THE ENGINEER, BUT HE GOT KILLED--FREAK ACCIDENT. I WAS LEFT WITH TWO KIDFOLK TO BRING UP AND HALF THE SPACEHOG...



IN BABE'S QUARTERS--

I'VE NEVER BEEN ON ANOTHER PLANET. WHAT'S NEW EARTH LIKE?

A LOT SMALLER THAN YOUR EARTH. AND OF COURSE THERE ARE LESS THAN A MILLION PEOPLE IN THE WHOLE SYSTEM. WE'VE ONLY BEEN SETTLED HERE FOR FIFTY YEARS-- SINCE 2380, OLD EARTH TIME.



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL SYSTEM -- SO PEACEFUL! OVER THIRTY HABITABLE PLANETS AND NOT A SERIOUS ENEMY... NOT UNTIL TODAY, THAT IS!



THAT'S HIGH SIERRA, THE ICE PLANET. NEXT STOP, NEW EARTH!

JUST LIKE OUR MOON! I'LL GO TELL THE DOCTOR WE'RE ALMOST THERE!



INTERESTING... VENOM DUCTS IN BOTH CLAW AND FANG!



HMM! WONDER WHAT PROPERTIES IT HAS, IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE AFFECTED ME--



GOOD LORD! MY HANDS!

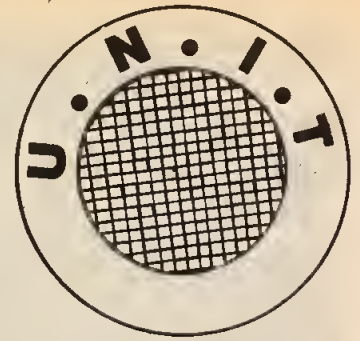


WE'RE ALMOST AT NEW EARTH! DOCTOR -- WHAT'S WRONG?



AIEEE!

NEXT WEEK: THE BEAST INSIDE!



Attention all UNIT Force Fighters! Here's this week's coded intelligence reports.

SECURITY CODE RED

OZUG'X HIRRUZC XUCZIR
UX "GMIHB EZA". DRAIXA
OXA GTUZ XUCZ UZ IZN
HEMMAXDEZKAZHA LUGT
TJ.

SECURITY CODE GREEN

OYB KULM FRITLMIDRN
OVGCRZ, DRATGWR BJU
SQRGOYIS ABNLP BAYVR
IDL TAYVR. ODXYA IPGZRA
TULM AG MPMTX RPLNR
IVYBBYTMCD SDGNSRD
BBLN NDRYN ONMJU SFNGU
IJCGADRNA!

SKY-WATCH!

Dateline: June 1954.
Subject: UFO sighting.
Witness: Captain James Howard.
Location: St Lawrence estuary, Canada.
Captain James Howard, a BOAC airline pilot, was on a flight from New York to London. The UFOs were spotted over the St Lawrence estuary.

Captain Howard was not the only witness — the rest of the crew and passengers, support his statement. Howard made a sketch of the UFOs during the twenty minutes that they remained in sight. One was much larger than the rest and gradually the smaller UFOs linked up with the larger one as if it were a mother ship.

The incident remains shrouded in mystery. There was no official enquiry into the sighting and no explanation was ever given.



NO.3 VOORD



KNOW YOUR ENEMY

SUBJECT: The Voord
PLANET OF ORIGIN: Marinus
WEAPONARY: Commando-style knives

SOCIAL STRUCTURE: The inhabitants of Marinus are ruled by a giant computer which enforces supreme mind control.

HISTORY: Data banks supplied the following information: The planet of Marinus had found a solution to war. Their scientists had built a giant computer capable of controlling the minds of all the planet's inhabitants. To prevent sabotage, the machine was hidden away on a bleak, desolate island, in the middle of a sea of acid. Then

came the Voord, a race of savage warriors determined to undo the power of this giant machine.

These terrible war-like creatures are encased in black, skin-fitting suits which offer protection against the acid sea of Marinus. Feet and hands are both webbed — insufficient data to determine if this is natural or merely a design of their acid-resistant suits.

Intelligence reports suggest that these black creatures of war, cold merciless killers, have never left their planet of origin — but we feel that all UNIT members should be aware of their dangerous presence in the stars.

SOUNDS PECULIAR



How would you like to create your own spectacular, spacey sounds? Well, after a trip to the Radiophonic Workshop and a chat with Dick Mills, the man behind Dr Who's sound effects, it struck me, that with a bit of imagination, every ardent enthusiast of the programme could soon be filling their own homes with weird galactic noises!

The Radiophonic Workshop was set up by the BBC in the mid-fifties as a kind of experimental sound laboratory. The strange and chilling noises they came up with now casts an eerie background to many well-known television and radio programmes. *Blake's 7*, *Quatermass and the Pit* and *A Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, to name a few!

Perched amongst the dials and buttons of the BBC's own space-age equipment, Dick Mills now creates the incredible sounds of Dr Who. With the push of a switch and the casual spin of a dial, the quiet room can be suddenly jolted into a vast explosion of sound. Out of thin air he can conjure the terrifying mur-

murings of a thousand worlds...

But you don't need fancy equipment to create all those awesome galactic marvels... as I soon found out.

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP.

The familiar sound of the TARDIS take-off, for example, isn't as difficult to achieve as it might seem. In amongst Dick's wondrous futuristic gadgets there lies the remains of a very old piano. Dick just takes a key from his pocket, runs it up the bass string of the sad, neglected instrument, and there you have it — the familiar VRAAAMPP of the TARDIS as it leaves one adventure, to find another...

The truth is that "natural" sounds can often achieve a far more interesting and individual effect than their electronic counterparts.

The menacing squelch of a slow, slithering monster is thus effectively achieved with the aid of a bucket of mud and a sink

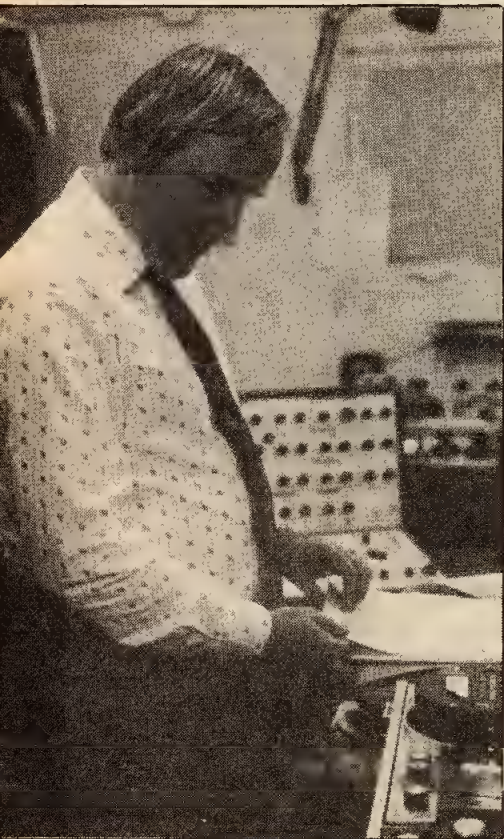
plunger, or even by rubbing a great wodge of grease between the palms of your hands! Dick explained that if you slow a sound up it gives the impression of belonging to a much larger monster. So remember — the slower the sound the bigger the threat!

A cardboard box full of grit and stones offers countless possibilities. The noise of a million marching troops can be captured by simply shaking the box in a steady rhythm. And one must not forget the ghostly creak of a haunted house, or an approaching danger — an important part of any sound producer's repertoire. Luckily it's a noise that's easy to achieve with the help of a piece of string, brown paper and a handy chair-leg! By tying the string firmly to the chair-leg and then sliding the paper down the taut string, the resulting creak is enough to send shivers down any self-respecting spine!

Before you all rush off to begin your newly-found careers in alien sounds, there's one or two things that you ought to know about the life of a sound



Perched among the dials and buttons of the BBC's own space-age equipment, Dick Mills busily creates the incredible sounds of Dr Who.



producer. For one thing, it's a lot of hard work getting exactly the right sound for each unearthly moment.

"Every programme's a challenge," says Dick "with its own unique set of problems — no two spaceships or monsters will sound the same. Each is different."

You can't just make a good scary noise and hope that it'll do! Each monstrous piece of hardware will have to first be carefully inspected before giving it an appropriate sound. This involves brave, precarious trips to the studios, nimbly avoiding careering cameras and the old uncontrollable monster. Mixing, albeit professionally, with Daleks or any such number of horrifying galactic terrors can be a pretty harrowing experience.

Danger lurks everywhere — on and off the screen. Dick recalls a frightening time when, during the filming of the Dr Who adventure "The Brain of Morbius" —

the whole set could have blown to smithereens! Avid viewers will remember that particularly exciting moment when the Doctor was to be burnt alive. It was a difficult scene to film. Gas pipes were constructed to supply the necessary flames, whilst pipes of oil vapour were to lend a suitably smoky flavour to the scene. Well, you guessed it — the flames got too close to the oil vapour and an almighty explosion was imminent! Fortunately studio hands were able to avert disaster but it only goes to show that a sound producers life can get pretty hot!

BEHIND THE SCENES

NEXT WEEK:

SPECIAL EFFECTS!

100 SOUND EFFECTS RECORDS must be won

all you have to do is...

CALL THE SHOTS!

How would a gun shot sound in the year 2280? What strange and terrifying noise would a blast of the future make? If you think that you can create, in letters, a chilling and totally original gun shot sound effect, you are well on your way to winning one of 100 fabulous 'Dr Who Sound Effects' records!

Hear for yourself, the weird, galactic noises of the future: A Dalek hatching tank on Skaro, a Zygon spaceship, an atomic reactor, the sound of the TARDIS in flight, the famous sonic screw-driver and hear inside the Doctor's own mind!

It's certainly a great prize, so get your thinking caps on — a BBC Sound Effects record could soon be yours!



Once you think that you've found a fitting sound effect for our alien gun of the future, write it down in the empty speech balloon above, and send it, with your full name, age and address, no later than May 7th, to us at:

CALL THE SHOTS,
Dr Who Weekly,
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

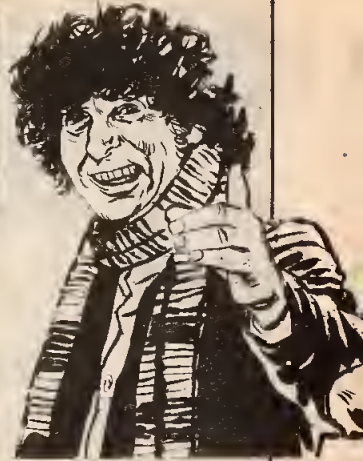
NAME

ADDRESS

.....

..... AGE

FANTASTIC FACTS



INSIDE EARTH

One of the strangest theories of the universe was that the Earth is not a globe hanging in space but is a huge spherical bubble and that we stand on the inside of it. What we normally think of as "down" to the centre of the Earth would then be "out" into a universe of solid rock. The sun, moon, stars and planets were said to be near the centre of this bubble or "hollow Earth". In World War II, Hitler thought that this theory might be true so he ordered a telescope to be built, pointing up into the sky in the hope of looking down on Britain.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

On a clear day one may see England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales from the summit of Snaefell on the Isle of Man!

POISONOUS HATS

At one time mercury was used to treat the wool of which felt hats were made. The fumes made the hatters nervous and irritable before they actually succumbed to the poison. The phrase "as mad as a hatter" is much older though, it comes from "as mad as a natter" meaning "As poisonous as an adder". The Anglo-Saxon word "natr" turned into the modern word "adder" in the same way that "a napron" became an apron and "A norrange" became "an orange".

THE MYSTERY OF THE FALLING CARROT

William Banks' car was hit by something from the sky on a motorway just 2 miles from his home in Ainsdale, Lancs. In a fleeting glimpse he thought it was a housebrick — there was no time to swerve so he braked hard and covered his face with his arms — then there was a "tremendous bang like an explosion". But despite the noise no damage was visible from the driving seat, so he got out to look at the front of the car. He was astounded to see, there in the road, the remains of a large frozen carrot, diced into tiny squares by the radiator grille, which with a headlamp surround was smashed. "I shudder to think what would have happened had it come through the windscreen" said Mr Banks, adding a guess that it must have been falling around 50 mph. As he looked at the damage, he says he heard a flock of geese overhead, and speculated that one of them must have dropped the carrot, since he knew of complaints of carrot fields being ruined by wild geese.

SOUNDS OF SILENCE

The manager of a cinema in Seoul, South Korea decided that *The Sound of Music* was far too long. He shortened it by cutting out all the songs!

WEEKLY CRIME

King Edward III decreed that every man in England over the age of twelve must practise archery for one hour every Sunday. This law has never been repealed so millions of people break the law every week.

RECIPES WITHOUT ROSES

A famous Chinese gourmet is said to have told his cook to prepare his rice with dew taken from the flowers of the garden. All the flowers except the rose, that is, as too strong a scent would spoil the flavour.

HOT CROSS MUMMIES

The tradition of hot-cross buns is even older than christianity. Buns marked with a cross have been found in ancient Egyptian tombs!

CHRONIC TITLES

H.G. Wells' first science-fiction novel "The Chronic Astronauts" was written as a serial for a boys' magazine. He later re-named it "The Time Machine".

DIAMOND DEATH

In Coorg, India, a huge diamond weighing 20 carats was ground up by Dewa Ammaji, the grief-stricken widow of a Rajah, who then committed suicide by swallowing it.

JIGGLING ATOMS

When we measure the temperatures of something what we are really doing is measuring the activity of its atoms. The more its atoms jiggle about the hotter it is; the slower they move the colder it is. The temperature of minus 273 degrees Fahrenheit, 15 degrees centigrade or "absolute zero" is as cold as anything can be because then its atoms are motionless. This fact was discovered by William Thompson of Glasgow, who was so clever as a boy that he was admitted to university at the age of 10. He was later given the title Baron Kelvin by Queen Victoria.

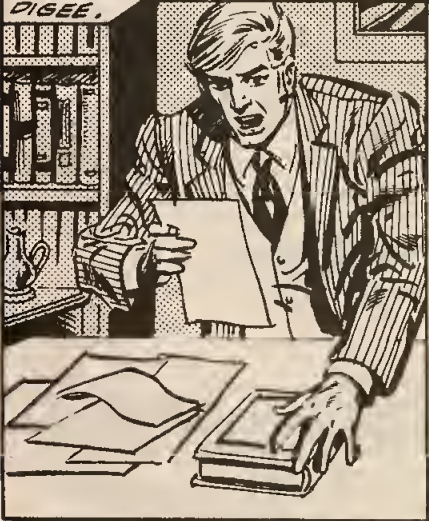
TALES FROM THE TARDIS

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON

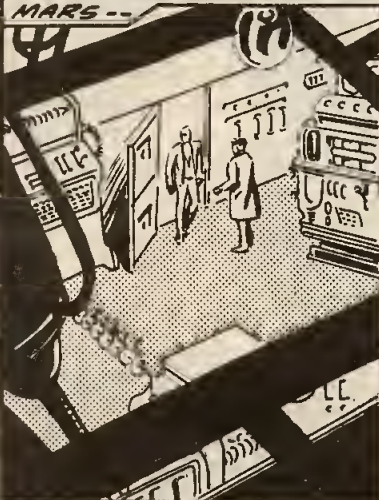


AFTER LEAVING CAVOR ON THE MOON, BEDFORD HAD ABANDONED HOPE OF HEARING FROM HIS FRIEND EVER AGAIN!

THE GREATER PORTION OF MY MANUSCRIPT APPEARED IN THE STRAND MAGAZINE, AND IT WAS AFTER PUBLICATION THAT I RECEIVED ASTONISHING WORD FROM MR. JULIUS WENDIGEE.



WENDIGEE WAS A DUTCH ELECTRICIAN, WHO HAD BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH A CERTAIN APPARATUS, IN THE HOPE OF DISCOVERING SOME METHOD OF COMMUNICATION WITH MARS --



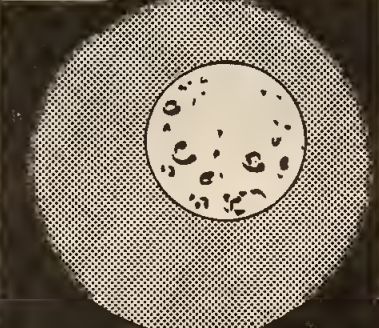
-- WAS RECEIVING DAY BY DAY A CURIOUSLY FRAGMENTARY MESSAGE IN ENGLISH WHICH WAS INDISPUTABLY EMANATING FROM MR. CAVOR IN THE MOON.



MR. WENDIGEE'S CONTRIVANCES FOR RECORDING ANY DISTURBANCES IN THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CONDITIONS OF SPACE ARE EMINENTLY ORIGINAL AND INGENUOUS.

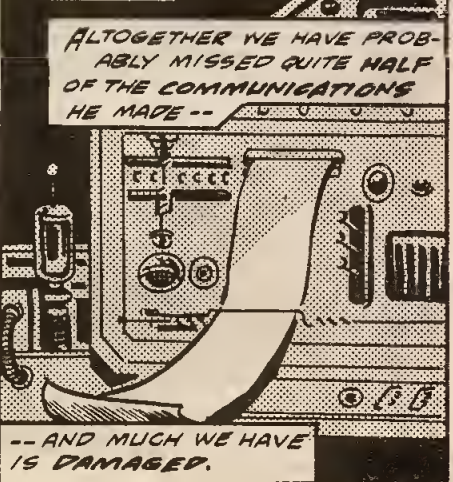


WE NEVER SUCCEEDED IN GETTING A RESPONSE TO CAVOR.



BUT CAVOR PERSISTED. HE SENT EIGHTEEN LONG DESCRIPTIONS OF LUNAR AFFAIRS... AND SHOWED HOW MUCH HIS MIND MUST HAVE TURNED BACK TOWARDS HIS NATIVE PLANET SINCE HE LEFT IT TWO YEARS AGO.

SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE MOON CAVOR HAD ACCESS TO ELECTRICAL APPARATUS. THIS HE WAS ABLE TO OPERATE AT IRREGULAR INTERVALS.



ALTOGETHER WE HAVE PROBABLY MISSED QUITE HALF OF THE COMMUNICATIONS HE MADE --

-- AND MUCH WE HAVE IS DAMAGED.

AN ABSTRACT OF THE SIX MESSAGES FIRST RECEIVED FROM MR. CAVOR!

THROUGHOUT, CAVOR SPEAKS OF ME AS A MAN WHO IS DEAD.



"POOR BEDFORD," HE SAYS OF ME, "WAS BY NO MEANS WELL EQUIPPED FOR SUCH ADVENTURES" -

-- TO LEAVE A PLANET "ON WHICH HE WAS INDISPUTABLY FITTED TO SUCCEED."

AND THEN HE BECAME INCREASINGLY UNFAIR TO ME.

"ON THE MOON HIS CHARACTER SEEMED TO DETERIORATE."

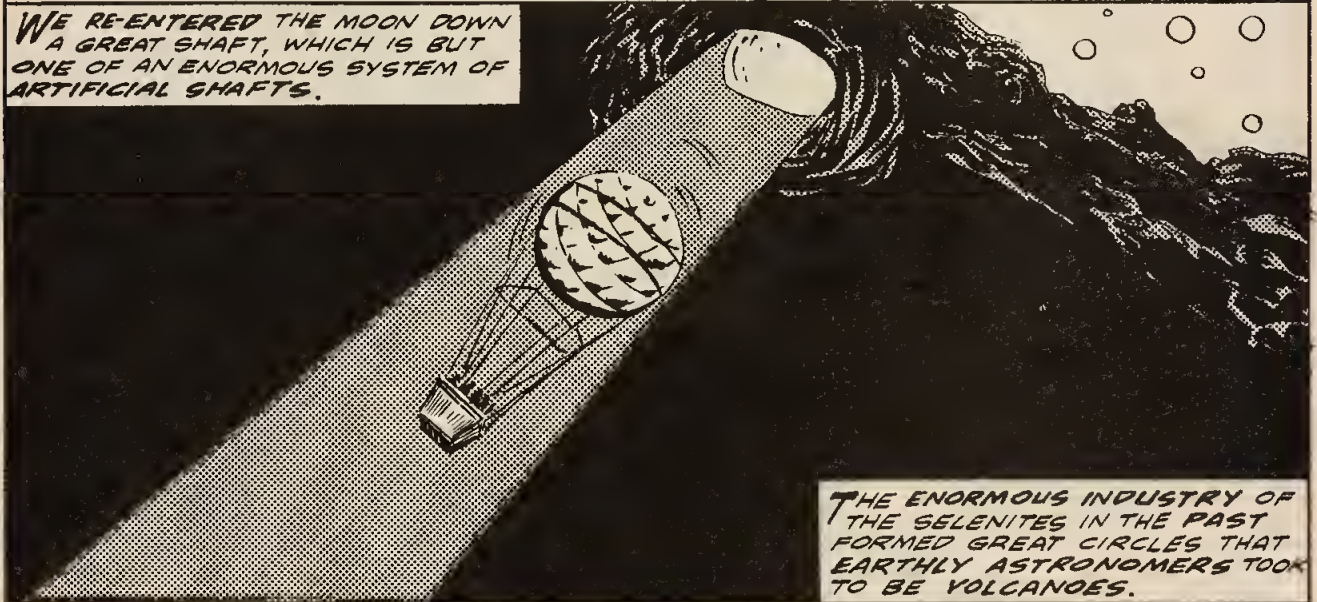


"HE RAN AMUCK, KILLED THREE AND PERFORCE I HAD TO FLEE WITH HIM AFTER THE OUTRAGE."

IT SAYS MUCH FOR THE TOLERANCE OF THESE BEINGS THAT ON MY CAPTURE I WAS NOT INSTANTLY SLAIN.

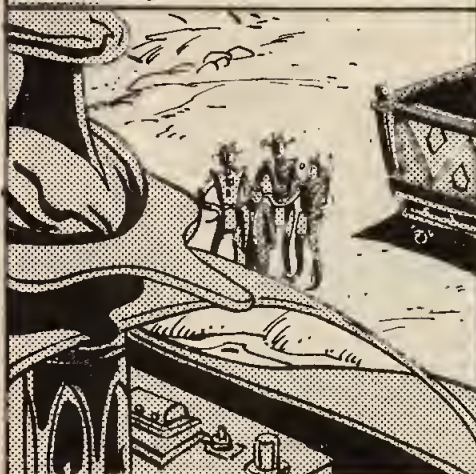


WE RE-ENTERED THE MOON DOWN A GREAT SHAFT, WHICH IS BUT ONE OF AN ENORMOUS SYSTEM OF ARTIFICIAL SHAFTS.



THE ENORMOUS INDUSTRY OF THE SELENITES IN THE PAST FORMED GREAT CIRCLES THAT EARTHLY ASTRONOMERS TOOK TO BE VOLCANOES.

THE SELENITES ALSO BECAME LUMINOUS.



THE LUNAR SEA IS NOT A STAGNANT OCEAN... A SOLAR TIDE SENDS IT IN PERPETUAL FLOW.

STRANGE STORMS AND BOILINGS AND RUSHINGS OF ITS WATERS OCCUR --



AND AT TIMES COLD WINDS AND THUNDERINGS THAT ASCEND OUT OF IT INTO THE BUSY WAYS OF THE GREAT ANT-HILL ABOVE.

SELENITES CAN BE LOST FOREVER IN THEIR LABYRINTHS.



IN THEIR REMOTER RECESSES, I AM TOLD, STRANGE CREATURES LURK --

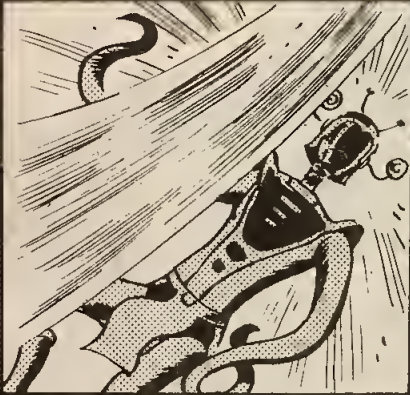
-- SOME OF THEM SO TERRIBLE THAT ALL THE SCIENCE OF THE MOON HAS BEEN UNABLE TO EXTERMINATE THEM.

"THERE IS PARTICULARLY THE
RAPHA--



"--AN INEXTRICABLE MASS OF
CLUTCHING TENTACLES THAT
ONE HACKS TO PIECES ONLY TO
MULTIPLY--

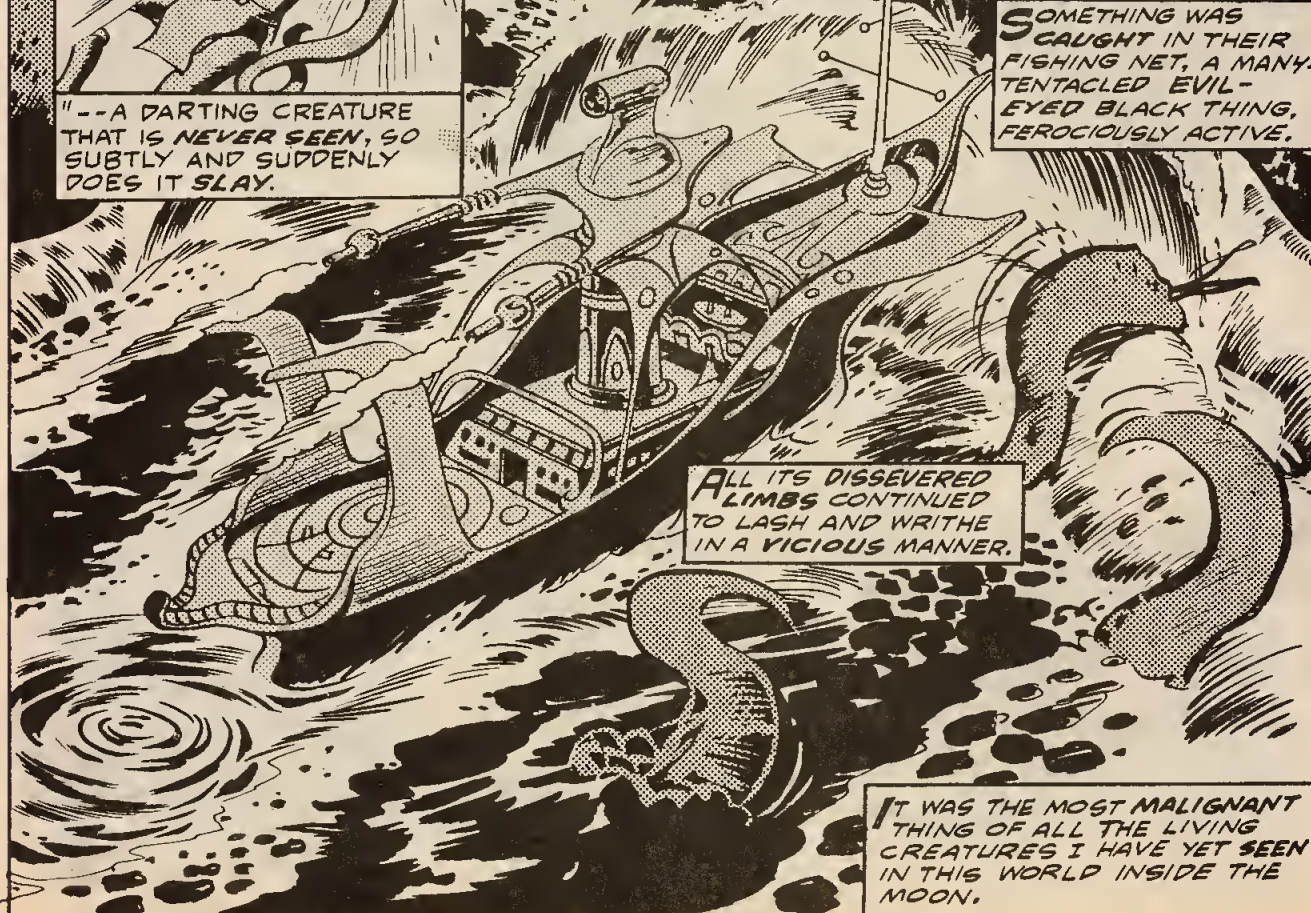
"--AND THE TZEE--



"--A DARTING CREATURE
THAT IS NEVER SEEN, SO
SUBTLY AND SUDDENLY
DOES IT SLAY.



SOMETHING WAS
CAUGHT IN THEIR
FISHING NET, A MANY-
TENTACLED EVIL-
EYED BLACK THING,
FEROCIOUSLY ACTIVE.



ALL ITS DISSEVERED
LIMBS CONTINUED
TO LASH AND WRITHE
IN A VICIOUS MANNER.

IT WAS THE MOST MALIGNANT
THING OF ALL THE LIVING
CREATURES I HAVE YET SEEN
IN THIS WORLD INSIDE THE
MOON.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SELENITES.

THE MESSAGES OF CAVOR FROM THE SIXTH UP TO THE SIXTEENTH ARE FOR THE MOST PART MUCH BROKEN.

THEY WILL BE GIVEN IN THE SCIENTIFIC REPORT, BUT HERE IT WILL BE CONVENIENT TO CONTINUE TO ABSTRACT AND QUOTE AS IN THE FORMER CHAPTER.



THE MOON IS INDEED A KIND OF SUPER-ANTHILL. BUT IN THE PLACE OF THE FIVE DISTINCTIVE TYPES OF ANTS, THE WORKER, SOLDIER, WINGED MALE, QUEEN AND SLAVE, THERE ARE A HUNDRED DIFFERENTIATIONS OF SELENITES.

"MANY OF THEM GATHERED TO SEE MY ENTRANCE INTO THE CITY," REPORTS CAVOR.

THESE SELENITES ARE NOT ONLY SUPERIOR TO ANTS, BUT, ALSO IN INTELLIGENCE--



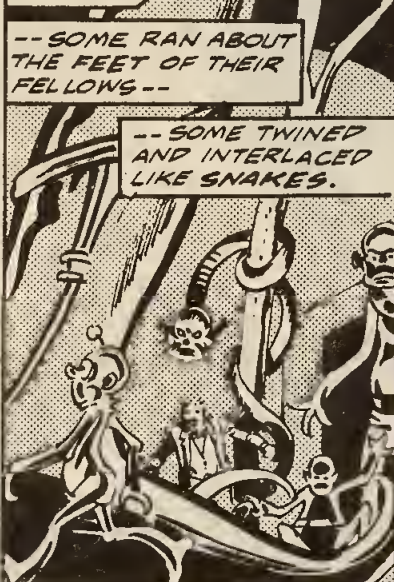
-- MORALITY AND SOCIAL WISDOM--

-- HIGHER THAN MAN.

THEY DIFFERED IN SIZE! SOME BULGED AND OVERHUNG--

-- SOME RAN ABOUT THE FEET OF THEIR FELLOWS--

-- SOME TWINED AND INTERLACED LIKE SNAKES.

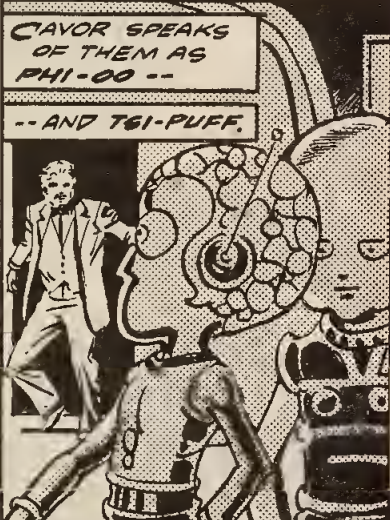


ALL OF THEM HAD THE DISQUIETING SUGGESTION OF AN INSECT THAT HAS SOMEHOW CONTRIVED TO BURLESQUE HUMANITY.

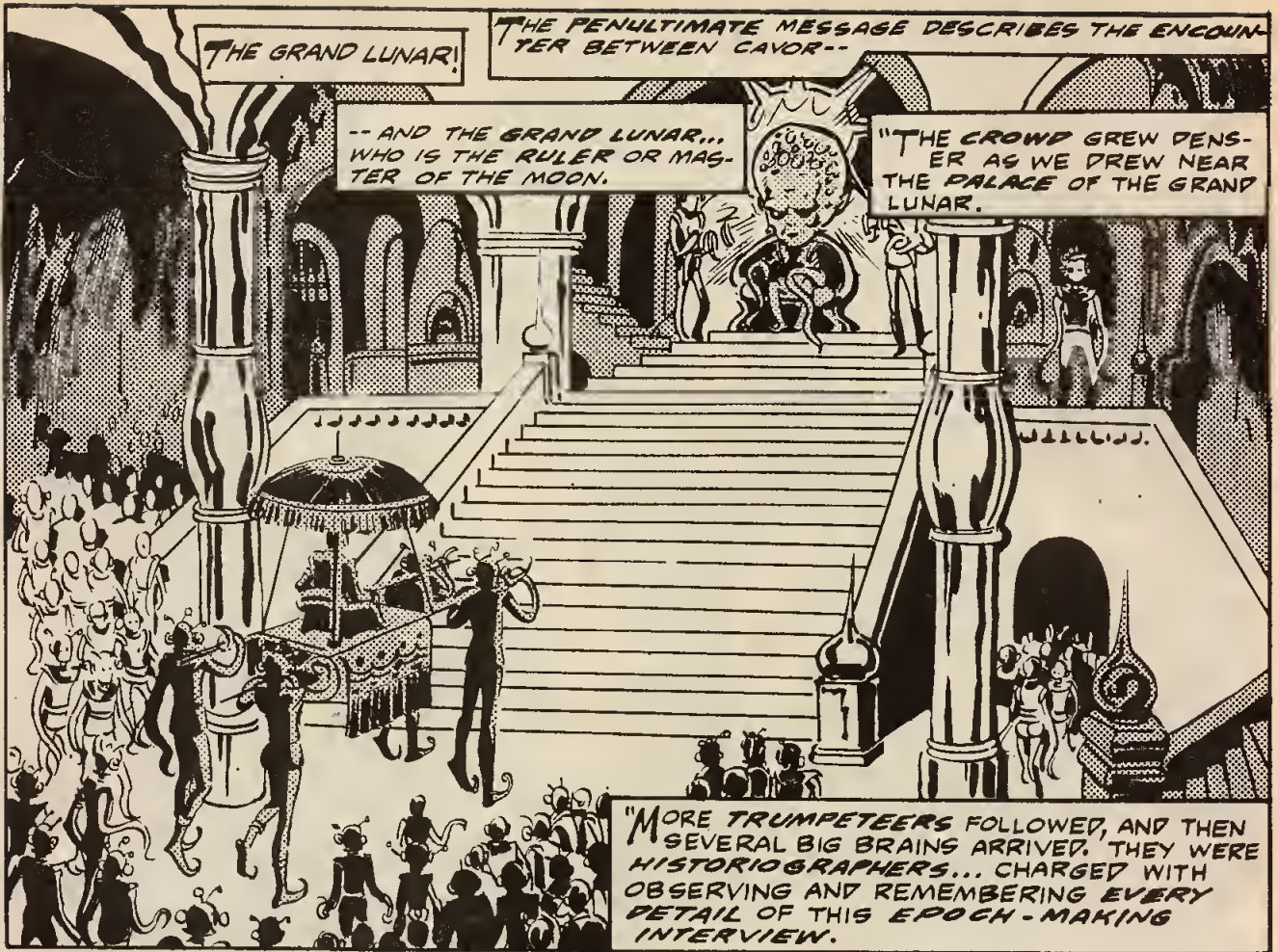
IT WOULD APPEAR, CAVOR SUGGESTS, THAT THE RULER OF THE MOON APPOINTED TWO SELENITES "WITH LARGE HEADS" TO GUARD AND STUDY HIM.

CAVOR SPEAKS OF THEM AS PHI-00--

-- AND TGI-PUFF.



PHI-00 HAD A LITTLE BODY THROBING WITH THE PULSATIONS OF HIS HEART.



THE GRAND LUNAR!

THE PENULTIMATE MESSAGE DESCRIBES THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN CAVOR--

-- AND THE GRAND LUNAR... WHO IS THE RULER OR MASTER OF THE MOON.

"THE CROWD GREW DENSER AS WE DREW NEAR THE PALACE OF THE GRAND LUNAR.

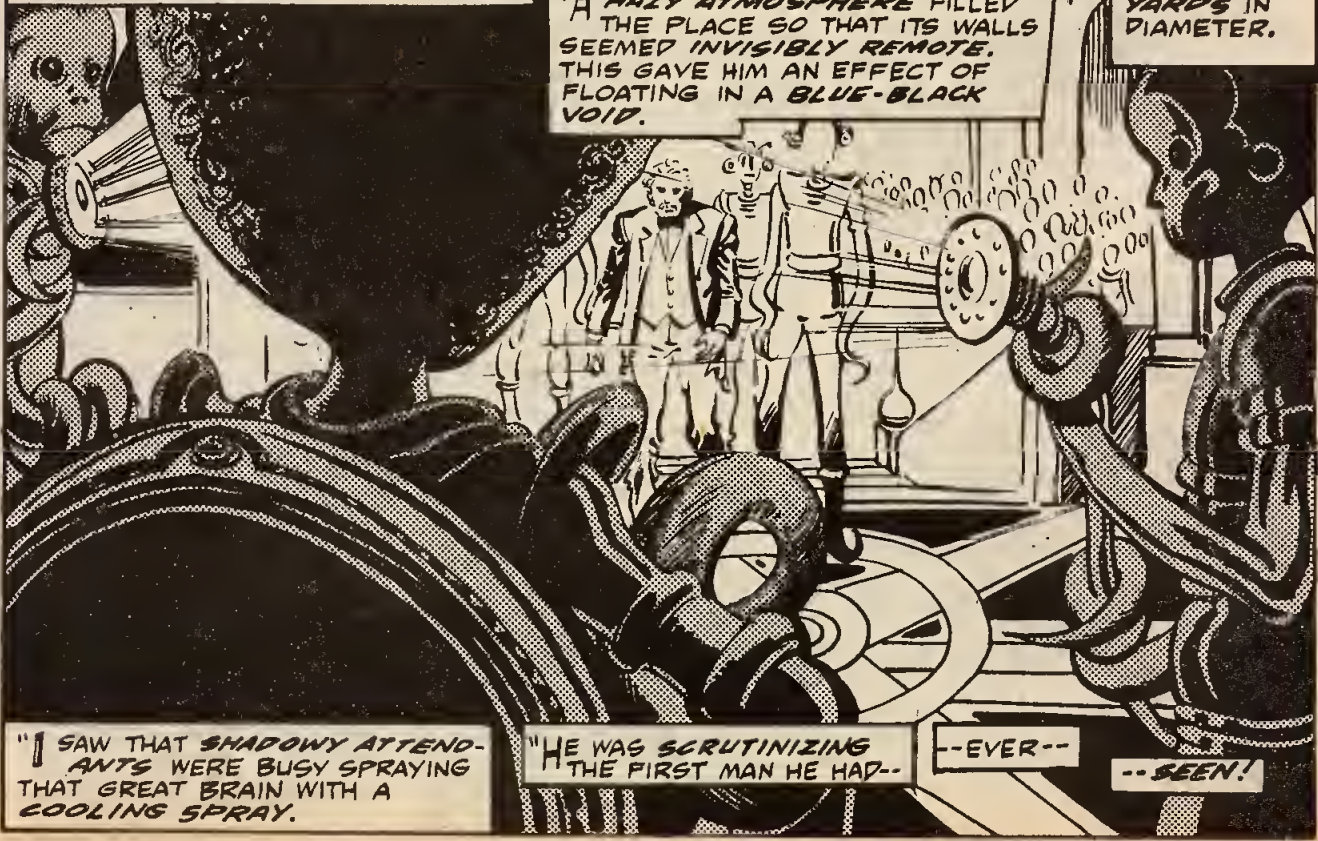
"MORE TRUMPETEERS FOLLOWED, AND THEN SEVERAL BIG BRAINS ARRIVED. THEY WERE HISTORIOGRAPHERS... CHARGED WITH OBSERVING AND REMEMBERING EVERY DETAIL OF THIS EPOCH-MAKING INTERVIEW.

"I CAME UNDER A HUGE ARCHWAY AND BEHELD THE SUMMIT OF THESE STEPS, AND UPON IT THE GRAND LUNAR EXALTED ON HIS THRONE.

"HE WAS SEATED IN A BLAZE OF INCANDESCENT BLUE.

"HIS BRAIN-CASE MUST HAVE MEASURED MANY YARDS IN DIAMETER.

"A HAZY ATMOSPHERE FILLED THE PLACE SO THAT ITS WALLS SEEMED INVISIBLY REMOTE. THIS GAVE HIM AN EFFECT OF FLOATING IN A BLUE-BLACK VOID.



"I SAW THAT SHADY ATTENDANTS WERE BUSY SPRAYING THAT GREAT BRAIN WITH A COOLING SPRAY.

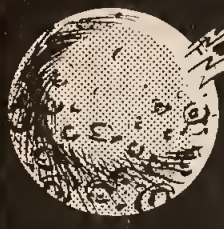
"HE WAS SCRUTINIZING THE FIRST MAN HE HAD--

--EVER--

--SEEN!

THE LAST MESSAGE CAVOR SENT TO THE EARTH!

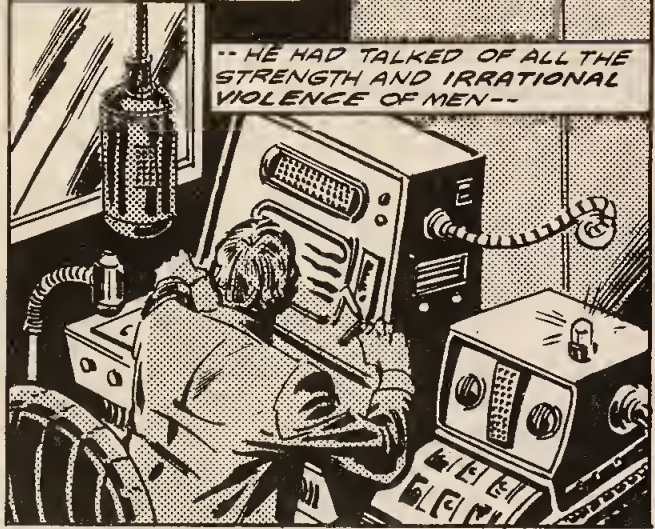
IN THIS UNSATISFACTORY MANNER THE PENULTIMATE MESSAGE OF CAVOR DIES OUT.



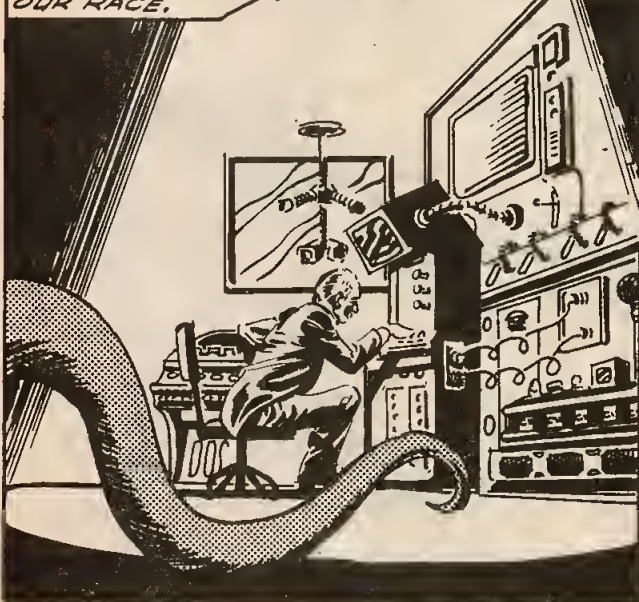
HIS DISASTROUS WANT OF VULGAR COMMON SENSE HAD UTTERLY BETRAYED HIM.

HE HAD TALKED OF WAR --

-- HE HAD TALKED OF ALL THE STRENGTH AND IRRATIONAL VIOLENCE OF MEN --



-- HE HAD FILLED THE WHOLE MOON-WORLD WITH THIS IMPRESSION OF OUR RACE.



AND THEN SUDDENLY, LIKE A CRY IN THE NIGHT, LIKE A CRY THAT IS FOLLOWED BY A STILLNESS, CAME THE LAST MESSAGE.

THE FIRST WAS: "IT WAS MAD TO LET THE GRAND LUNAR KNOW --"



THEN, AS IF IT WERE HASTILY TRANSMITTED, CAME: "CAVORITE MADE AS FOLLOWS, TAKE --"

THERE FOLLOWED ONE WORD, A QUITE UNMEANING WORD AS IT STANDS: "ULESS!"

AND THAT IS ALL.



WHATEVER IT WAS THAT CAUSED THE INTERRUPTION, I KNOW WE SHALL NEVER RECEIVE ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM THE MOON.

SANDS OF TIME

Desar VII was nothing but a desert planet, scorched, empty and lifeless
... or that's how it first seemed ...

When the Doctor shut the door on Desar VII, he did just that. "Sandbag!" he exploded, turning towards a subdued Sharon and a patient K-9.

"Master," came the familiar metallic monotone ... "illogical to tread sand onto interior flooring when the sole ..."

"... purpose for your remaining here," interrupted the Doctor, "was to avoid getting sand in your rollers ... You're right, my dear little chap. I'll find a brush and ..."

"Do not worry Master, sensor report that this time vehicle should be thoroughly cleaned. I will begin," came K-9's response to the unlikely thought of the Doctor coming to grips with the housework.

THE WHISPERING SANDS

"I will sweep it outside ... right outside where it came from," insisted K-9's metallic tones. The Doctor's usual deference to the wishes of the dog disappeared like a glass of Denebian cherryade at the thought of setting eyes on the rolling desert of Desar VII ever again.

"NO!" he cried. "If I never see the place again, it'll be too soon. K-9, I believe that the kindest thing you could do is to leave the door firmly shut. Just brush the sand into a dustpan and leave the thing until later.

"You know, I don't think I've ever walked so far with sand between my toes ... not since Altares II anyhow, when that sand worm stole my trousers while I was sunbathing. K-9, do you remember Altares II?" Not wishing to be drawn into a conversation about the dreadful incident in question, K-9 busied himself with his duties and pretended not to hear.

All was still as the triple

moons of Desar VII rose over the distant mountain ranges, illuminating the TARDIS in their soft glow. Inside, the Doctor sat on the edge of his bed and brushed the sand from his feet with a sock. He was, if anything, slightly angry with himself for allowing Sharon and K-9 to talk him into spending a night on this wretched planet. As the grains of sand fell onto the floor they shone and twinkled like tiny stars. "Stangest sand I've ever laid eyes on, I should say," mused the Doctor. Stifling a yawn, he extinguished the light and relaxed backwards into the welcoming softness of his bed.

Unseen by the Doctor, the grains of sand around his discarded socks, had begun to emit a strange glow. The glow intensified and grew, stretching upwards towards the slumbering Doctor. Hanging in the air, the glow began to revolve, and slowly took on form. A spluttering, crackling hiss shattered the silence of the room and shook the Doctor into sudden wakefulness. Willing his sleepy eyes to focus, he froze as the hissing broke into ... words!

"KRSSSS. . . WWWEE OW. . . SSS. . . THE KRISTELLA HAW WAITED . . . KRSS . . . LONG . . . FFOR . . . WUN SUCHH AAS YOU. . . SSSS. . . TOOO RRIGHT TTHE DDREATTTT WRONGG KSSSSSS. . . SSS. . ."

Before the astonished Doctor, the glow waned and disappeared completely, leaving the Doctor staring at the glowing grains of sand that remained.

"My word . . . a great wrong . . . the poor fellow and his people have been done a great wrong!" Still pondering the problem, the Doctor's slippers shuffled along the semi-darkened corridors of the TARDIS.

Passing the door of Sharon's room, the Doctor glanced in at

her sleeping form to make sure all was well. "Good girl," he whispered. "Just get some rest . . . no need for concern." The Doctor addressed the small inert shape just ahead of him in the corridor. "K-9, can you tell me something?"

"Master?" came the muted reply.

SHARON'S DISCOVERY

"Well," continued the Doctor, "I'd like you to tell me where you put the sand you brushed



together earlier on. I've got an idea that there's more to the sand than meets the eye, or in your case, optic sensor."

In a matter of moments, K-9 watched as the Doctor placed a small bag of sand at the foot of Sharon's bed and then came quietly out of the room leaving the door slightly ajar. He knelt down and whispered an explanation to his small metal companion. "You see K-9, I think that something in the sand woke me up and spoke to me. The image faded just after I awoke, I've an idea that the energy can only establish contact with the sleeping mind."

"And as mistress Sharon is asleep," guessed the dog, "you hope the sand might be able to contact her now, in order for us to learn more!"

"Exactly," confirmed the

Doctor, "especially as there is more sand in that bag than there was on my socks!"

The last piece of information confused K-9 no end, but he knew better than to pursue the matter further, and resolved to await developments.

The Doctor and K-9 settled down in the gloom of the corridor to wait and the minutes went quietly by. The Doctor's resonant tones suddenly broke the silence, "I spy with my little eye . . ." his voice trailed away as a glow began to emanate from within Sharon's room.

"Master," the mechanical dog begun, to be silenced by the Doctor's raised finger. The glow had returned, and was communicating with Sharon.

"Better stand back, old fellow," warned the Doctor, she'll be out soon. I think I'd

better make some tea. I've got a feeling she'll need it!

COSMIC DISASTER!

Swathed in her dressing gown and cradling a steaming mug of tea in her shaking hands, Sharon was soon excitedly retelling the tale.

". . . and he said, the *glow* said, that it all happened millions of years ago . . . egypto ago."

"Aeons ago, Mistress," interjected the mechanical dictionary.

"Aeons ago," Sharon continued, "a cosmic disaster shook this sector of space. A comet from the rim of the universe collided with a neighbouring planet and released a great shock wave, which travelled across space towards this planet. The Kristella elders realised that this shock wave would shatter their crystal bodies . . ."

"A crackling hiss shattered the silence of the room and shoke the Doctor into sudden wakefulness. Willing his sleepy eyes to focus, he froze as the hissing broke into . . . words!"



"It seems as if dear old Desar is not as boring a place as it seemed to be!"

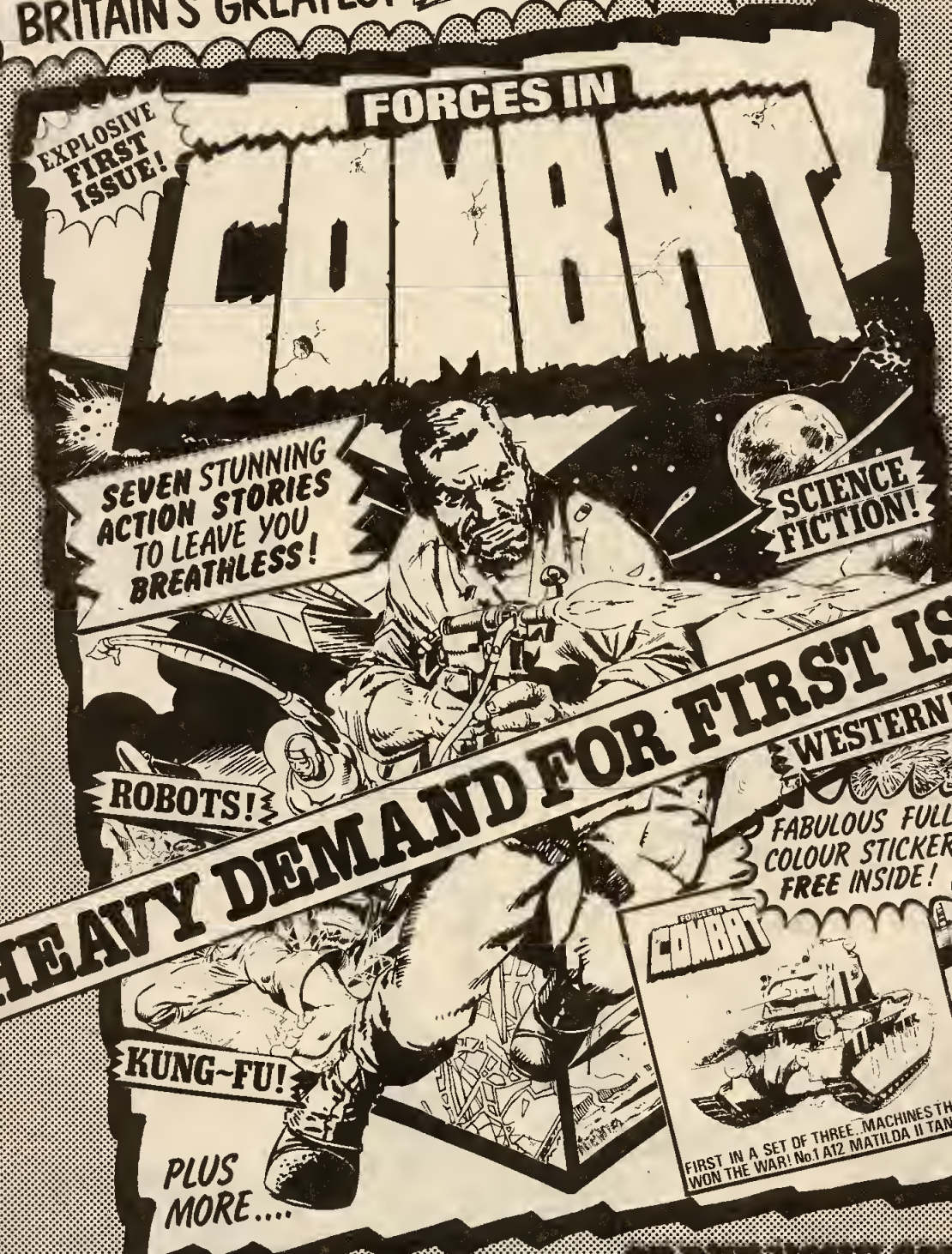
"So the whole desert out there," said the Doctor slowly, "and the sand I trod back in, was once a planet's population of gem-people . . . how fascinating . . . utterly fascinating! It seems as if dear old Desar is not as boring a place as it seemed to be!"

**Next: TRAVELLING
BACK IN TIME
TO AVERT DISASTER!**

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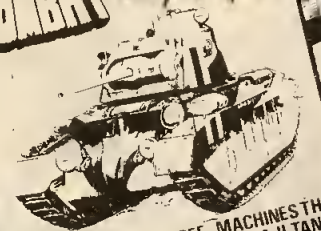
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CRAZY CAPTION 29

£5 TO BE WON!

Here it is! Another of our candid shots from the Dr Who tv series that just cries out for a caption. Simply send in the funniest line you can to go with the empty speech balloon (25 words or less), and you could win £5! Send your entries — on postcards only — postmarked no later than May 4th, to us at:

CRAZY CAPTION 29
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.



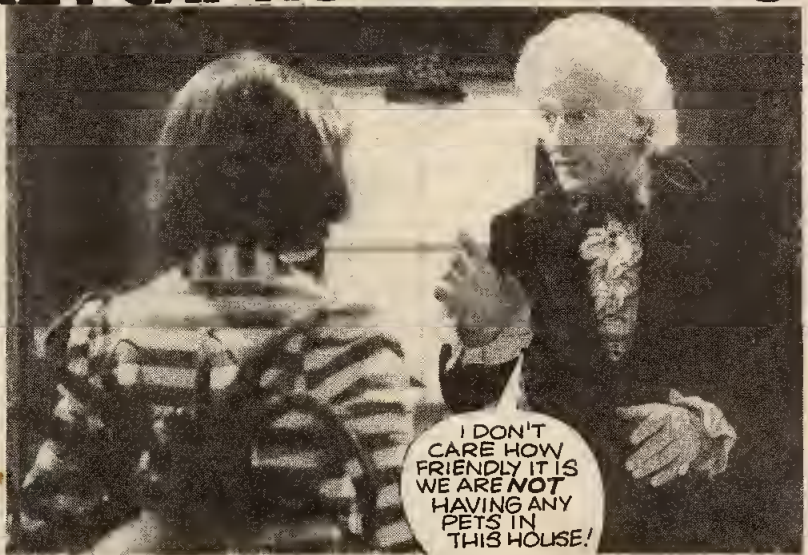
RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 23

THE WINNER:

Maria Richmond from Bath, wins £5 for her caption printed right:

Signed, colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor have gone to the ten runners-up:

Gary Broad from Northfleet;
Michael Holliman from Bletchley;
Mark Johnson from Lincoln;
John Frost from Liss;
Mark Wilmot from London;
Carole Jackson from New Malden;
Robert Watson from Warley;
Jeremy Starling from Cottenham;
Shaun Harding from Oakley;
Robert Griffiths from Lonsett.





Filming in Paris

Last year's serial, "City of Death" was the first *Dr Who* story to involve location filming outside the United Kingdom. Over one weekend, Tom Baker, Lalla Ward and Tom Chadbon (Duggan) filmed all the scenes in and around the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the Metro and the Seine.

Supervising the filming was producer Graham Williams who had the important task of getting the film back to Britain for processing at the BBC. Recalling the event at a convention last year, Graham mentioned his inadvertent discovery for "how to be a VIP in France". You don't need to

be visiting monarch, or an overseas diplomat, or even a pop star. Just arrive at the airport clutching a can or two of film. The French, Graham Williams observed, are fanatical followers of the film industry and anyone working in that field is accorded very high status indeed! Thus, instead of spending an hour or two painstakingly going through customs and other official stopping points, Graham literally found himself boarding the plane for London minutes after arriving at Charles de Gaulle airport.

Almost as quick as travelling by TARDIS in fact.

K-9's voice makes a comeback

A familiar voice has returned to the set of *Dr Who* for the next season. John Leeson, the Leicester born actor whose credits include devising questions for "Mastermind", has come back to provide K-9 with his voice for future stories.

John Leeson was the original K-9 voice as first heard in the 1977 serial "The Invisible Enemy". Last season, for stories like "Creature From the Pit", K-9 contracted laryngitis after which David Brierley provided his voice.

Deeply dedicated to the part of K-9, John Leeson no

longer needs the elaborate electronic modulator to produce the mobile computer's voice; he can do it by vocal cord power alone. During rehearsals too, when the robot K-9 is unavailable, John is quite happy filling in for his doggy counterpart by shuffling around on all fours!

Away from canine influences, John Leeson has played a straight acting role in the series. For the 1978 serial "The Power of Kroll" John played the role of Dugeen, one of the doomed operators on the gas rig.

Covering the Doctor

We have had a few letters here at the offices from readers who have been unable to work out where some of our covers have been taken from. So, after exhaustive research in the TARDIS data-banks, we've managed to track down the stories depicted on the first 21 issues of DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY.

Issue 1: from Tom Baker's photocall just after he became the new Doctor. Issue 2: publicity still of the Doctor's new companion, K-9. Issue 3: from *Revenge of the Cybermen*. Issue 4: from *The Deadly Assassin*. Issue 5: from *The Pirate Planet*. Issue 6: Jon Pertwee's Doctor from *The Time Warrior*. Issue 7: from

The Planet of Evil. Issue 8: a special publicity still. Issue 9: from *Terror of the Zygons*. Issue 10: from *Genesis of the Daleks*. Issue 11: from *The Silurians*. Issue 12: from *Death to the Daleks*. Issue 13: from *The Stones of Blood*; Issue 14: from *Day of the Daleks*. Issue 15: William Hartnell from *Marco Polo*. Issue 16: from *The Stones of Blood*. Issue 17: from *The Masque of Mandragora*. Issue 18: The Mandrells from *Nightmare of Eden*. Issue 19: from *Destiny of the Daleks*. Issue 20: from *Planet of the Daleks*. And issue 21: from *Destiny of the Daleks* again.

Now why don't you tell us where the rest of the covers are taken from!

Into the Fifth Dimension

A fifth dimension has been discovered in the *Dr Who Weekly* Office! Vital documents have been suddenly shot into strange dimensional voids, vanishing without trace! A few weeks later they miraculously reappear — a jumbled mess of their original selves!

This mischievous dimensional force (which lurks in the bottom drawer of our filing cabinet) has a peculiar taste for *Dr Who Weekly's* Photo-Files! At precisely 4pm on January 19th, the two Photo-Files on Jacki Lane and Deborah Watling, fell prey to dimensional interference.

Jacki Lane reappeared with a different life history. So will the real Jacki Lane now please stand up! Born in Manchester, Jacki was introduced to the *Dr Who* series by producer John Wild, with whom she worked in the early years of her career. After leaving *Dr Who*, Jacki took a break from acting and after working in Paris and a spell in the antique business ended up working as an artist's agent.

When the cruel dimensional forces at work in our office, changed Deborah Watling's name to Deborah Waterfield, we knew that we had to put a stop to the fifth dimension's dastardly interference! The bottom drawer of our filing cabinet



The real Jacki Lane who sadly fell prey to the fifth dimensions dastardly interference.

has been well and truly locked and bolted and the fifth dimension locked within it! We sincerely apologise to those concerned.

STAR TIGERS

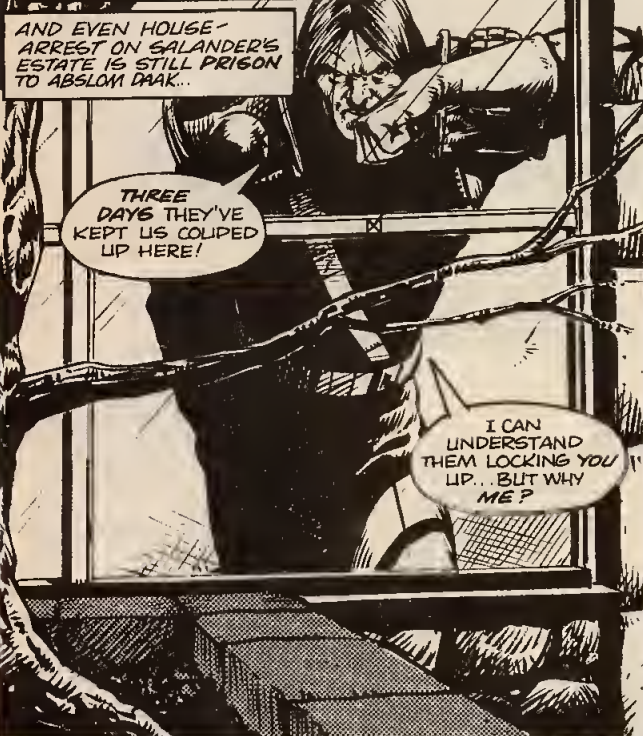
BECAUSE GIVING YOU LANDING PERMISSION ISSS THE ONLY 'CRIME' THEY CAN PROVE AGAINSSST ME...

THEY'RE KEEPING THE CRIMINAL AND THE 'EVIDENCE' TOGETHER...

THE 26th CENTURY. THE DRACONIAN EMPIRE STANDS ALOOF FROM THE CONFLICT BETWEEN EARTH AND THE DALEKS. BUT PRINCE SALANDER HAS ALLOWED ABSLOM DAAK, THE DALEK-KILLER, TO LAND ON DRACONIA... AS A RESULT OF WHICH, BOTH OF THEM HAVE BEEN ARRESTED...

AND EVEN HOUSE-ARREST ON SALANDER'S ESTATE IS STILL PRISON TO ABSLOM DAAK...

MOORE-DILLON



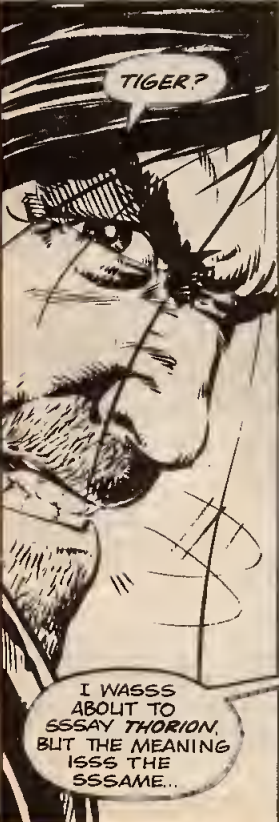
THREE DAYS THEY'VE KEPT US COUPED UP HERE!

I CAN UNDERSTAND THEM LOCKING YOU UP.. BUT WHY ME?



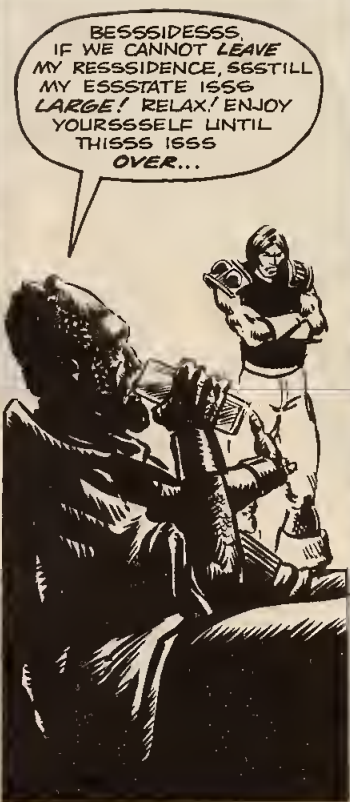
BUT THAT'S THREE DAYS I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET HELP FOR TAIYIN.. THREE DAYS I HAVEN'T KILLED A DALEK...!

BE CALM, ABSLOM DAAK! YOU'RE LIKE A CAGED...



TIGER?

I WASS ABOUT TO SSSAY THORION, BUT THE MEANING ISSS THE SSSAME...



BESSSIDESS, IF WE CANNOT LEAVE MY RESSIDENCE, SSSITILL MY ESSSTATE ISSS LARGE! RELAX! ENJOY YOURSSSELF UNTIL THISS ISSS OVER...



COME.. I HAVE SSSOMETHING TO SHOW YOU IN THE REAR BLOCK..

SSSOMETHING A WARRIOR LIKE YOU MIGHT APPRECIATE..



MY FAMILY HAVE BEEN THE BIGGEST SSSPACE-SHIP MANUFACTURERSSS ON DRACONIA FOR THREE GENERATIONSSS.. OUR MAIN SHIPYARD ISSS ON THE WESSSTERN CONTINENT..

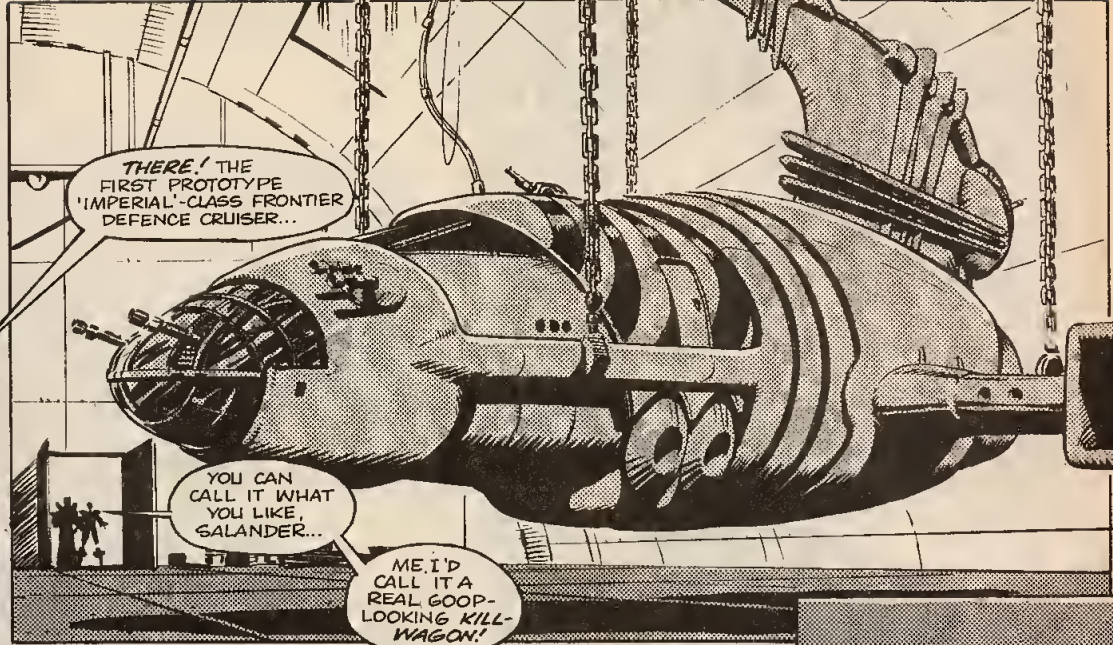
BUT I DO MOSSST OF THE DEVELOPMENT WORK HERE...

FOR SSSOME TIME I HAVE BEEN BUILDING A NEW CRUISER... YOU MIGHT CALL IT A HEAVILY-ARMED GUN-SHIP... TO COMBAT THE DALEK THREAT...

THERE! THE FIRST PROTOTYPE 'IMPERIAL'-CLASS FRONTIER DEFENCE CRUISER...

YOU CAN CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE, SALANDER...

ME I'D CALL IT A REAL GOOP-LOOKING KILL-WAGON!



IT'SSS DESSIGNED FOR DEEP-SSSPACE COMBAT AND GROUND ATTACK... LASER-CANNON, SHIP-TO-SHIP MISSSILESSS WITH PHOTON-FUSION WARHEAPSSS, A NEUTRINO-CONVERSION NUCLEAR-BOMBING FUNCTION...

CREW?

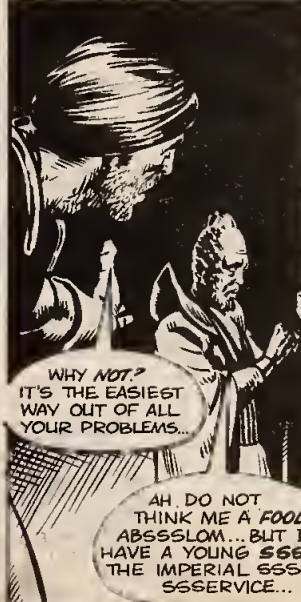
NORMALLY SSSIX... A SSCRATCH-CREW OF FOUR...

BUT ONE MAN COULD FLY IT...

IS THAT SOME KIND OF OFFER?

ONE MAN COULD FLY IT... BUT HE'D NEED AT LEAST ONE MORE TO HANDLE THE WEAPONRY! IS SHE FUELED?

YESSS... BUT DO NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONSSS ABSSSLOM PAAK! I CANNOT GO WITH YOU...



WHY NOT? IT'S THE EASIESS WAY OUT OF ALL YOUR PROBLEMS...

AH DO NOT THINK ME A FOOL, ABSSSLOM... BUT I HAVE A YOUNG SSSON IN THE IMPERIAL SSSPACE-SSSERVICE...

IF I WERE TO FLEE, THEY WOULD PUNISH HIM ALSSSO, AND RUIN MY FAMILY! DO NOT ASSK ME TO DO THAT...

OKAY, DO WHAT YOU WANT... BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO PUT UP WITH THIS IMPRISONMENT MUCH LONGER...

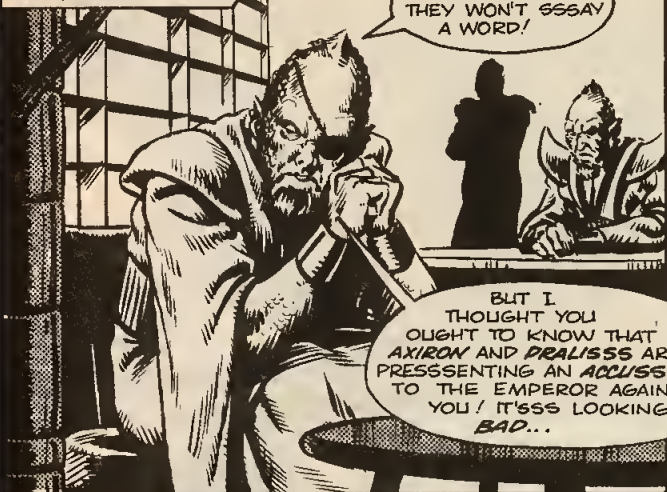
BESIDES, PEOPLE WHO TAG ALONG WITH ME USUALLY DON'T LIVE VERY LONG!

HLH, I SEE YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR...

KARINIS66! WHY'SSS HE RISSKING HIMSSSELF COMING HERE?



GENERAL KARINIG, OF THE DRACONIAN IMPERIAL COMMAND. ONE OF SALANDER'S FELLOW-OFFICERS...



I BRIBED THE GUARDS... THEY WON'T SAY A WORD!

BUT I THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT AXIRON AND PRALISS ARE PRESENTING AN ACCUSATION TO THE EMPEROR AGAINST YOU! IT'S LOOKING BAD...

AH, IF ONLY WE MILITARY OFFICERS OF THE LEFT HAD THE EMPEROR'S EAR...



BUT THERE IS WORSE, TOO... THE EMPEROR HAS FORBIDDEN OUR SHIPS TO ENGAGE THE DALEKS...

"YES, YESTERDAY, ONE OF OUR GEOLOGICAL SURVEY SHIPS STRAYED INTO DALEK SPACE... THEY ATTACKED AND PLUNDERED IT..."

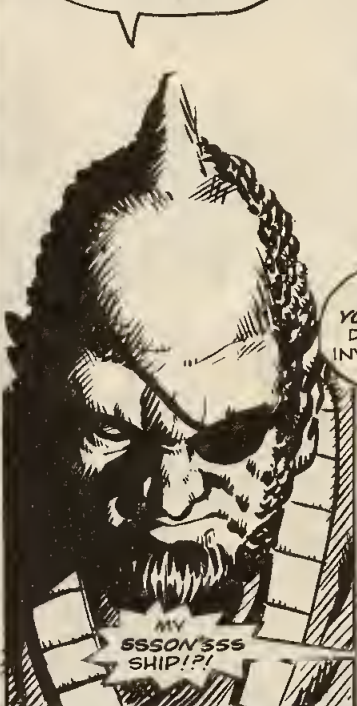


"THEY DESTROYED IT WHEN IT HAD ALMOST CROSSED THE BORDERLINE... WITHIN A RANGE OF ONE OF OUR FRONTIER-SCOUTS..."



"IT WAS COMMANDER OBEYED THE IMPERIAL ORDER... AND HELD HIS FIRE!"

THE REGISTRATION OF THE SCOUT-SHIP IS DT-447...



MY SCOUT SHIP!?

NO, NOT MY SCOUT... I HAVE NO WEAKLING SCOUT LIKE THAT!



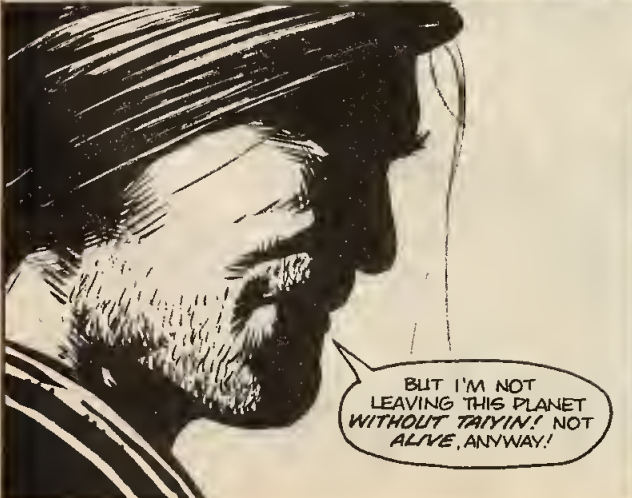
LEAVE NOW, KARINIG... DENY YOU WERE EVER HERE! DO NOT BECOME INVOLVED IN TONIGHT'S EVENT...



WE SHALL ESCAPE TOGETHER, ABOLM DAAK... IN THE KILL WAGON...

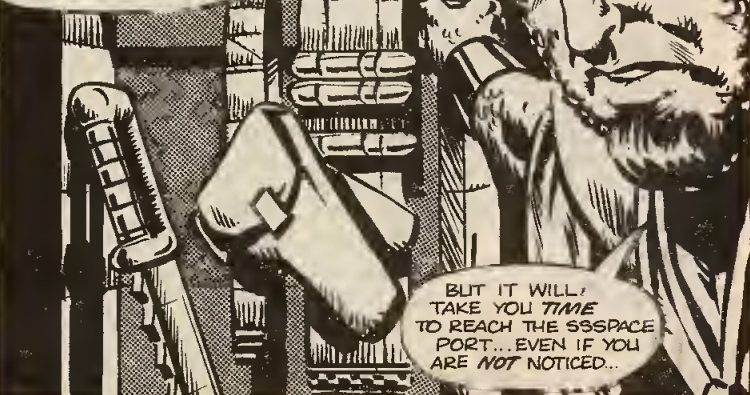


HOLD ON, SALANDER... NOW YOU'RE GETTING AHEAD OF YOURSELF! I MAY BE A FAR BIGGER FOOL THAN YOU...



BUT I'M NOT LEAVING THIS PLANET WITHOUT TAYIN! NOT ALIVE, ANYWAY!

I SUSPECTED AS MUCH... WHICH IS WHY I BROUGHT THESE HERE BEFORE WE WERE ARRESTED...

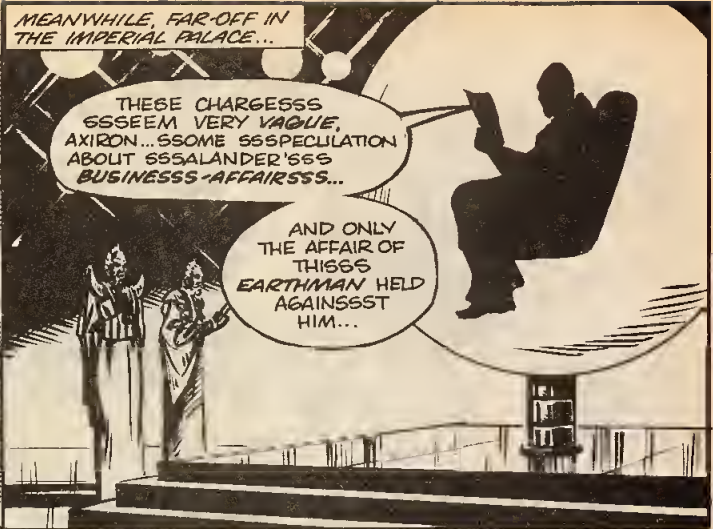


BUT IT WILL TAKE YOU TIME TO REACH THE SPACE PORT... EVEN IF YOU ARE NOT NOTICED...



I'LL BLASSST-OFF AN HOUR AFTER NIGHT-FALL AND MEET YOU IN ORBIT...IF YOU ARE LUCKY...

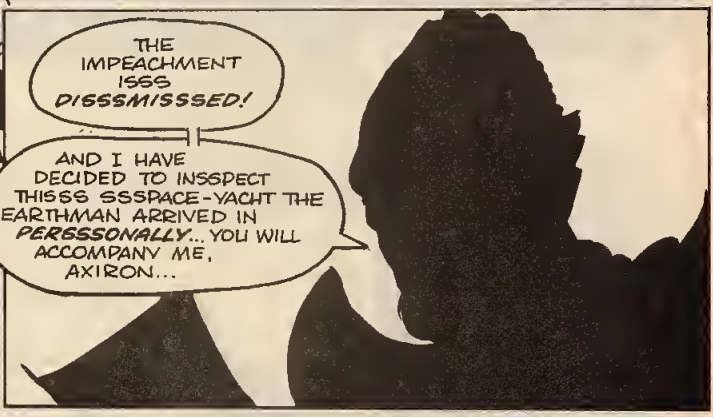
AND I'LL MEET YOU IN HELL IF I'M NOT...



MEANWHILE, FAR-OFF IN THE IMPERIAL PALACE...

THESE CHARGESSS ESSEEM VERY VAGUE, AXIRON...SSOME SSSPECULATION ABOUT SSSALANDER'SSS BUSINESS-AFFAIRSSS...

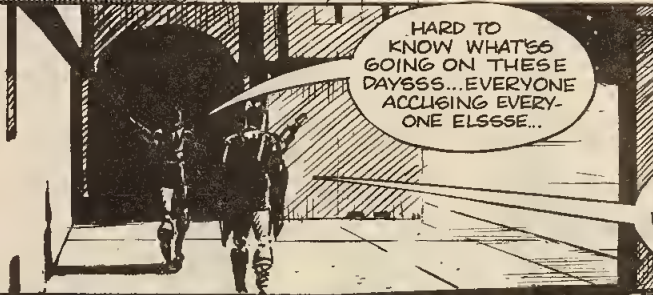
AND ONLY THE AFFAIR OF THISSS EARTHMAN HELD AGAINSSST HIM...



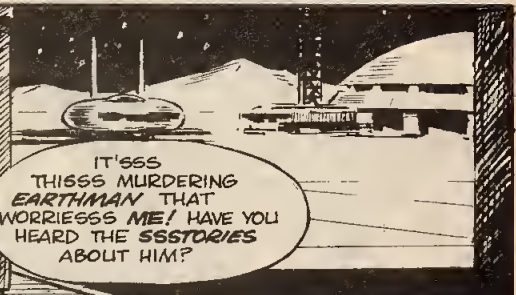
THE IMPEACHMENT ISSS DISSSMISSED!

AND I HAVE DECIDED TO INSSPECT THISSS SSPACE-YACHT THE EARTHMAN ARRIVED IN PERSSONALLY... YOU WILL ACCOMPANY ME, AXIRON...

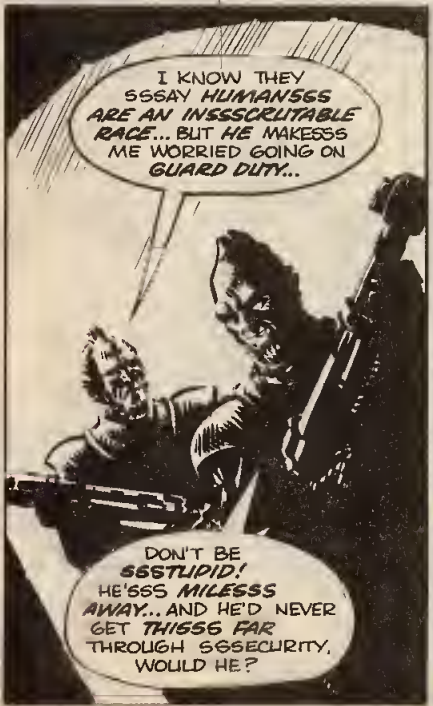
AND WHEN SWIFT TIME HAS RACED ON, AT THE SPACE PORT...



HARD TO KNOW WHAT'SS GOING ON THESE DAYSSS...EVERYONE ACCUING EVERY-ONE ELSSE...



IT'SSS THISSS MURDERING EARTHMAN THAT WORRIESSS ME! HAVE YOU HEARD THE SSSSTORIES ABOUT HIM?



I KNOW THEY SSSAY HUMANSSS ARE AN INSSCRUTABLE RACE... BUT HE MAKESSS ME WORRIED GOING ON GUARD DUTY...

DON'T BE SSSTLIDID! HE'SSS MILESSS AWAY... AND HE'D NEVER GET THISSS FAR THROUGH SSSSECURITY, WOULD HE?



WHA...?

AAAGH!!



THIS IS TOO EASY! HARDLY SEEMS TO BE ANYONE ABOUT, AND... OH-OH...

MAKE WAY FOR THE EMPEROR! SSSTAND ASSSIDE FOR THE IMPERIAL GUARDSSS!

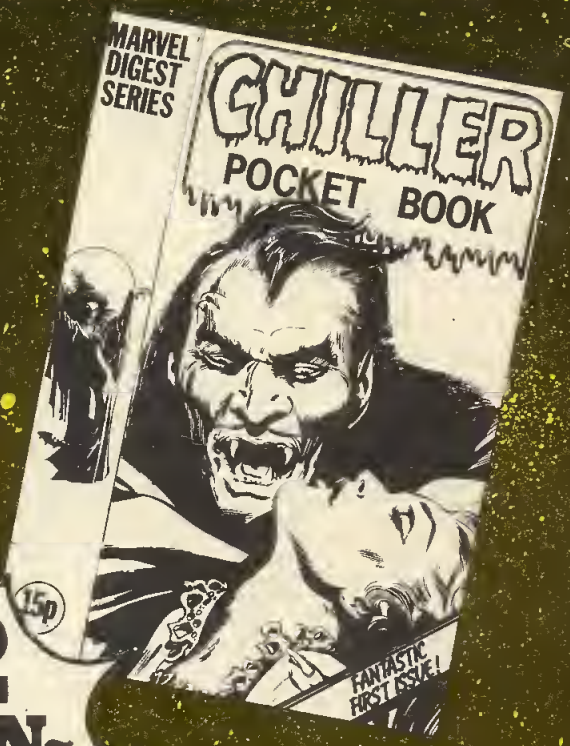


Sarah Kingdom (Jean Marsh), a space security agent and karate expert, joined the Doctor in his fight against the Daleks in 1966.

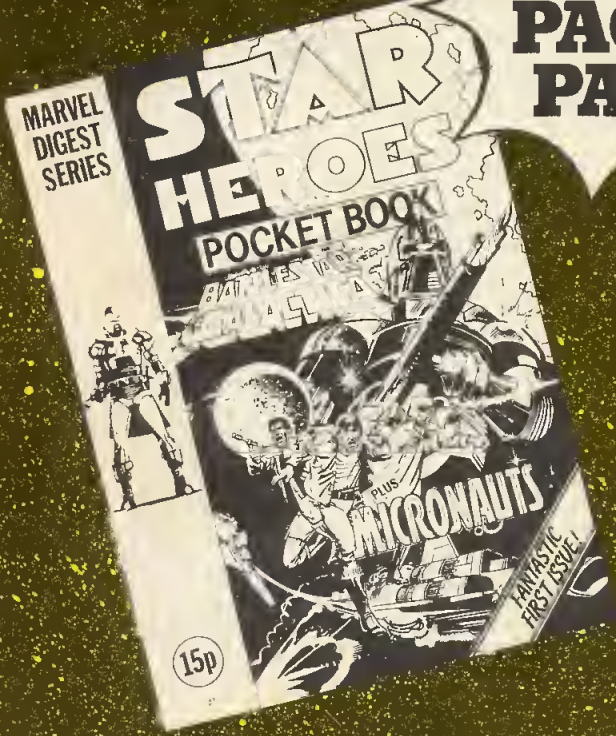
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